

The second part of

Doll I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Hof. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Hof. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

Hof. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exunt*

Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how doth my good coosin Silence?

Si. Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

Si. Indeepe sir to my cost.

Sha. A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shallow yet.

Si. You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

Sha. By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court againe, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Si. This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone about

souldi-

Henry the fourth.

souldiers?

Sha. The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Si. We shal all follow, coosin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Si. Dead sir.

Sha. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead? a woulde haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is olde Dooble dead?

Si. Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bardolfe I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

Sha. I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Capitaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

Sha. He greetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie his

his